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THE HEIGHT OF DIPLOMACY.

He: CLARA DIMPLETON HAS MORE TACT THAN ANY GIRL I EVER MET. SHE HAS JUST REFUSED TO MARRY ME.

"YOU DON'T SEEM TO FEEL VERY MUCH CUT UP."

"THAT'S THE STRANGEST PART OF IT. SHE REJECTED ME IN SUCH A WAY THAT I HAVE BEEN SORRY FOR HER EVER SINCE."

AMERICANUS
SUM.



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19 West Thirty-First Street,

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NEW YORK CITY.

LIFE



ZOOLOGICAL.

"MA, OH, MA!"

"WHAT DO YOU WANT, WIGGLES?"

"WHEN I GET BIG, AM I GOIN' T' BE A POCKETBOOK, OR A BELT, OR A BAG?"

Dorothy.

DOROTHY doing crewel work,
Ah, what a charming sight!
Needle that glances in and out,
Eyes with a glance as bright.
Finished the work and thrown aside,
Alas, for my heart so true!
Needle and glance have pierced alike,
Dorothy's eyes do cruel work too!

T the Opera.

IN *The New York Times* we read:

In Box 7 was Mrs. Astor, who wore black velvet, the bodice smothered in white lace, elbow sleeves with flaring edges trimmed with lace, and ropes of diamonds draped on the bodice, and a band of black velvet studded with diamonds around her neck. About her waist was a loosely woven golden girdle studded with diamonds. She wore a diamond tiara and she carried an immense bouquet of white roses.

And in her pockets? Diamonds? Very likely. And isn't it just lovely to feel that Mrs. Astor can do it! Think of saying to a servant, "John, go down cellar and bring me a pint of diamonds from the second barrel on the left."

And the succeeding paragraph is this:

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was in white net, embroidered in silver on white satin. She wore a rope of immense diamonds caught to her bodice with a large sapphire clasp, and diamonds in her hair. With the party were Frederick Betts, Harry Lehr, and Baron Allioti.

But the men, had they no diamonds? Was Frederick Betts with no tiara? And Harry Lehr, was not he also draped in diamonds? Did Baron Allioti have no sapphires in his hair?

However, it was all for the best, no doubt.

We also learn incidentally that

In Box 20 were Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Mrs. Mills wore a gown of white satin and a coronet of diamonds. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was in a gown of pale lilac satin trimmed with white lace. She wore superb diamonds.

It is all just too lovely!

And none of them paid a cent for advertising.

And what fun the Society reporter must have had in writing about it! Literature is a dignified calling if you only work it properly.

Sweeping.

"GIGGTONE says he will not recognize anyone who lives below Fourteenth Street."

"Too bad. I was going to introduce him to one of the richest girls in South America."



A DEEP SEA IDYL.

WHAT REALLY BECAME OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVII. JAN. 10, 1901. No. 949.
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A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* has gone somewhat out of his way to say disparaging things about New York. He suspects there is no city quite so provincial as New York. He complains that both

Business and Society in New York have an objectionable habit of patronizing other places. New York business men, he avers, feel that because the money of the country passes through New York, the rest of the country must do as New York says. Persons who comprise New York society believe, he tells us, that society outside of New York is a poor imitation of society in that city, and that very little of it is worthy of the name.

A singularly uninformed person is this writer, and his errors make a good occasion to say how modest New York really is, how humble in its opinion of itself, and how exceptionally appreciative of the rest of this country.

New York is a stage, rather than a place of residence, and it is a stage to which a constant stream of actors is attracted from all over the United States. Some one has said—was it Professor Matthews?—that the real New Yorker was born west of the

Alleghenies from New England parents. There is truth, if not accuracy, in that statement. New York is representative because it is filled with representative men from New England, the South, the Middle West, the Northwest, the Far West. A city that is constantly strengthened with new blood—the most active, if not the best, blood of the country—cannot be provincial. The big men, the rich families, of New York, are nearly all representative. The Vanderbilts have houses here and live here, but they represent railroads thousands of miles long, running westward through a dozen States. Mr. Mills, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Morgan, scores of others—they all live in New York, but they live here incidentally, because it is the place where they can most conveniently do business. They represent not the interests of New York especially but the interests of the whole country.

Why is it that New York is the one city to which all Americans like to come? It is because it is the one city which all Americans own, in a certain measure, in common, and in which—whether they spend a week or a year in it—they all feel more or less at home.

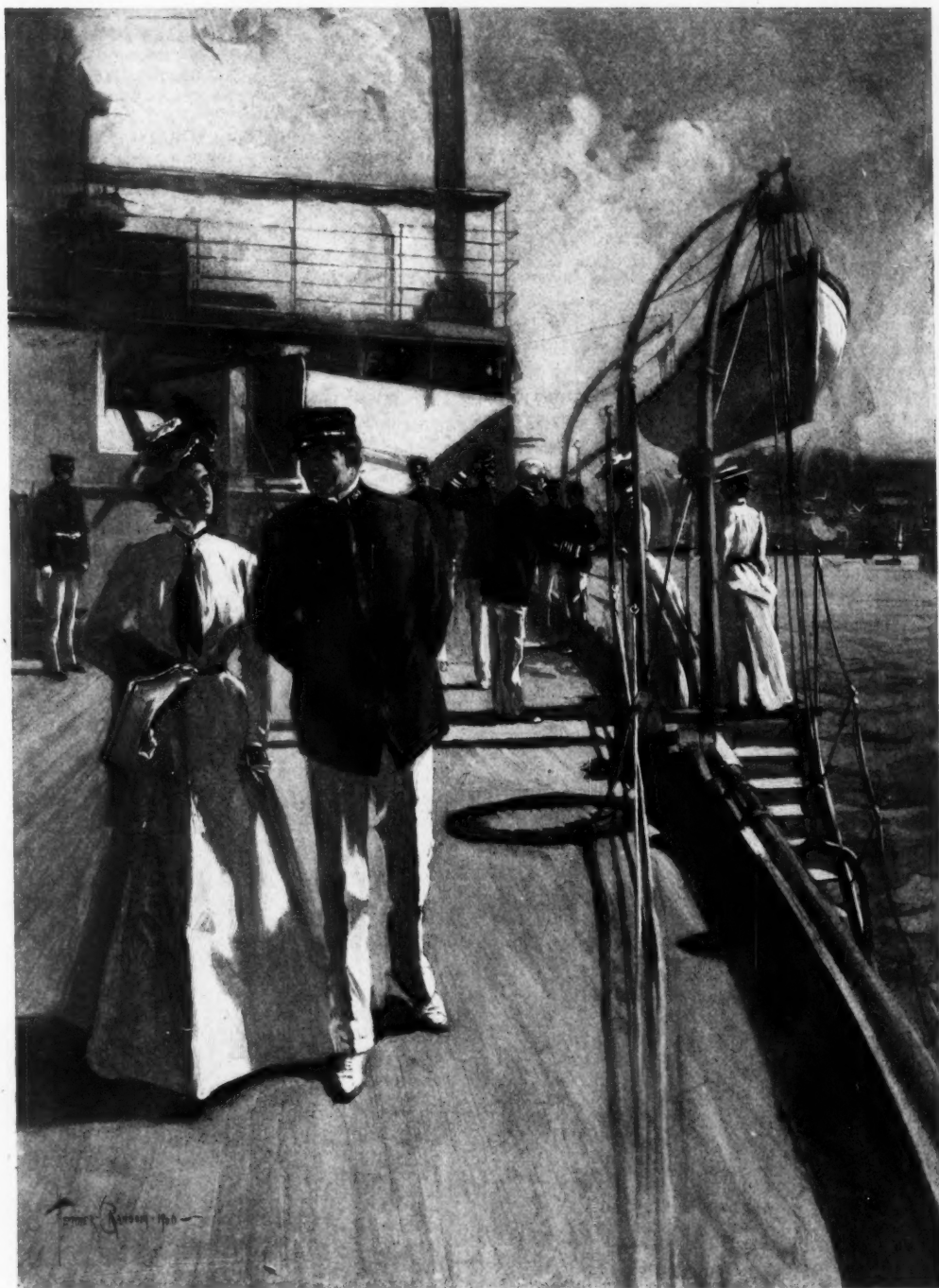


AS to Society with the big S in New York, its organization is so loose that it can hardly be said to exist. Where thousands of rich people live who are more or less acquainted, of course they will play with one another, but no family in New York which has a friendly intimacy with a dozen other families feels out of Society. If you are not in Society in Philadelphia or in Boston you know it, and it makes a difference, but if one is asked whether or not he is in Society in New York, he may reasonably enquire what are the symptoms of exclusion, since he may possibly have them and not be aware of it. In a town where being in or out of Society seems not to have any definite effect on one's happiness, Society at least deserves the credit of being harmless.



THERE is no use in railing in general terms at New York, or of being jealous of it, or of charging it with a supercilious demeanor. It is a hustling, stimulating town, where almost everyone marries; where rents are too high and food and service too dear; where the pace for most persons is rapid enough to prejudice longevity; where people put up with scant space and much inconvenience for the sake of high wages and lively sights; where successful men work themselves into untimely graves, and less successful men live in suburbs, and where the climate is brilliant for four months, tolerable for four months, and penal the other four. To live all one's life in New York would be a sad fate, and not favorable to development either of mind or body, but it is the undoubted centre of letters, art, finance and scores of other important interests in America, because it is the great market for the products in which those interests are concerned. To rail at it as though it were a big disease is not sensible. It is not a disease at all, but merely a symptom. The disease, if one must call it that, of which it is the sign, is one that has overtaken the whole country. Call it Growth, call it Prosperity—or what you like—it is by grace of it that New York exists and flourishes. The town is the American metropolis. There is no State in the Union but that feeds it and owns a share in it. It is because it is the product of so many contributing factors that its individuality is not more intense. It seems to be everybody's business to take care of it, and what is everybody's business is not always well done.

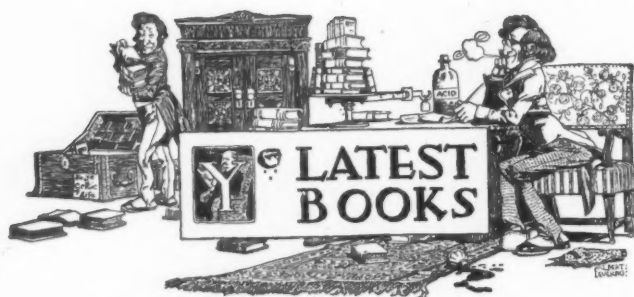
Be just and gentle, everybody, with New York, for no one can tell—such are the vicissitudes of existence—when he may have occasion to live there, and when that happens—if it does happen—he will find that it is a privilege that is dear in due proportion to its value, and that he will feel only a little more responsibility about the well-being of the town than he does at present.



"I KNOW I SHALL NEVER LOVE ANOTHER WOMAN AS I DO YOU."

"I SHOULD HOPE NOT!"

"WELL, YOU NEEDN'T GET MAD ABOUT IT. I'LL BET I COULD IF I WANTED TO."



THE name of Stephen Crane upon the title page of a book called *Great Battles of History* will doubtless attract many readers, but they will be disappointed. The descriptions are dry, technical and untouched by the fire of the writer. It is a pity that the dignity of publication should have been conferred upon papers so little worthy of standing as the last word of their author. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Mr. Howells's *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* should prove a treat to all readers who have a taste for the history of American Letters. The style is natural, the personality of the author pervades the whole, and the subject-matter is interesting throughout. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Idle Born, a few whiffs from the social sewer, wafted our way by Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven, appeared originally in the *Smart Set*. The story seems to have been written with the stage in view and should prove thoroughly acceptable to the Theatrical Syndicate. (Herbert S. Stone and Company.)

A modern version of *The Scarlet Letter*, with the scene laid in England and the story concerning itself with the man alone, is called *Peccavi*. It is by E. W. Hornung and is well written. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Eastern girl seeking health on the ranch; the gentlemanly cowboy (first Philadelphia family incog.); the stampeded herd; the daring rescue; the denouement. This is *The Love of Landry*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar. Pretty, but really a trifle trite. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Among the children's holiday books, *A Trip to Toyland*, by Henry Mayer, deserves mention for the cleverness of the illustrations. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

Parlous Times, by David Dwight Wells, may be classed as exciting trash. It is made up of incidents, not of characters, the latter being merely names to which are accredited conversations and actions. It is not literature, but it will kill time. (J. F. Taylor and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Jumping Kangaroo and the Apple Butter Cat." John W. Harrington. Illustrated by J. W. Condé. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

"Sharps and Flats." Eugene Field. Two vols. (Scribner.) These books contain selections from Mr. Field's column in the *Chicago News*. They are by no means the best of Eugene Field's work.

"The Masque of Judgment. A Masque-Drama." William Vaughn Moody. (Small, Maynard and Company.)

"Old Wine in New Bottles." Blanche Catherine Carr. (Neely.)

Heroes Both.

THERE is a pleasant reciprocity of appreciation between Admiral Sampson and Lieutenant Hobson, which is interesting to the observer, and creditable, as doubtless it is consoling, to both gentlemen concerned. The Lieutenant, moved by the condition of the Admiral's health, lately made a clean breast of his feelings and opinions about him. He said beautiful things about the Admiral, and if there was a slight suggestion of hysteria in his talk, that might well be overlooked in consideration of his obvious sincerity. Still more recently, moved by Hobson's prostration by typhoid fever, the Admiral, in the course of a letter which has been published, gave him a double-first-class notice as a man of coolness, self-control, modesty and the highest principles.

The Admiral and the Lieutenant have been co-heirs of glory and, to some extent, brothers in affliction. They are good men both. Each is qualified to judge of the other's merits, and the testimony of each, affectionate as it is, may safely be accepted as true.



"WHICH ONE OF DE PRISONERS SHALL I SERVE FIRST, SIRE?"

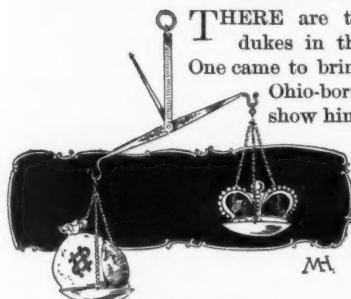
"MY DEAR CHIEF, ALTHOUGH A CANNIBAL, I HOPE I'M A GENTLEMAN—LADIES FIRST ALWAYS."

Alas !

ONCE a Monumental Bluff
Met a Pillar of Society ;
Each of his rôle had had enough,
And so decided for variety
To swap both character and name—
They found their rôles were just the same.

P. McA.

Two Dukes.



THERE are two British dukes in the country. One came to bring home his Ohio-born bride and show himself to her friends. We have read much of him in the papers. He is a good-looking young man, with nice clothes, expensive tastes, and a kind, upright and solvent American father-in-law. His name is Manchester. He wants a permit to run an automobile in New York and can't get it. He ought to have it. A duke who is fit to be trusted with an American wife is certainly fit to be trusted with a bubble in New York, provided he knows how to run it.

The other duke's name is Newcastle. He was named for an English town that is in the coal business. Maybe he is in that business. Anyhow, he is very, very solvent in his own right. He is a religious gentleman, and his errand here is to promote the interests of that

party in the Episcopal Church which goes in for ecclesiastical frills. He is an active ritualist and is foregathering industriously with the ritualists in America. Even if one's personal sympathies do not happen to be stirred by this duke's errand here, it must be admitted that he seems a very worthy and respectable person. He comes in the nick of time. Everything is going up in this country just now. Now is the time for low-churchmen to get high, and for high-churchmen to go higher.



It is amusing how absolutely the members of the Yale sophomore societies lived up to the traditions as to sophomores. Their organizations were declared by the whole Yale public to be nuisances, and they were summoned to mend their ways and revise their methods, or perish. Like the wise fools that they are credited with being, they temporized, haggled, fumbled, and finally made inadequate concessions. They behaved just as sophomores might have been expected to behave, with the result that all Yale has



THE HEAVY PASSENGER—HIS FIRST AND LAST BALLOON RIDE.

"READY ! CUT THE ROPES AND—"

said a few bad words, laughed a bit, and squelched them. The societies have been abolished by a reluctant faculty, and the Yale public will doubtless see to it that they stay dead.

Happily, sophomores, like other folks, grow up and learn wisdom.

Her Mistake.

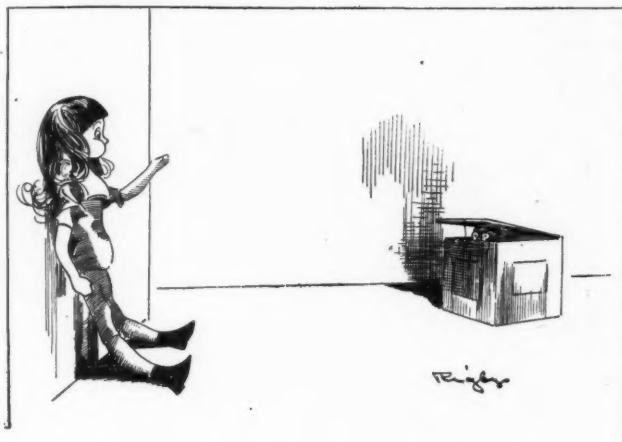
THEY were poring over LIFE's beauty contest; their opinions were widely divergent and the discussion was waxing warm, when a simple and easy solution of the difficulty occurred to her.

It was really too ridiculous that they had not thought of it before.

But now she had caught LIFE napping, and her face glowed with pride at accomplishing the unprecedented feat.

They would buy enough copies of LIFE to send in all the possible combinations of the twenty pretty heads and the one hundred dollars prize was theirs.

He was a little doubtful about the expense



"THERE'S THAT PEEPING JACK AGAIN AT HIS OLD TRICKS."



"GO!"

of buying so many LIFES, and immediately started to figure their net profit.

An interval occurred, punctuated by the scratching of the pen, a triumphant chuckle from the man, an anxious query from the girl, more chuckles, more queries, and finally the result was announced.

In the language of figures those twenty heads could be arranged in two quintillion, four hundred and thirty-two quadrillion, nine hundred and two trillion, eight billion, one hundred and seventy-six million, six hundred and forty thousand different ways (2,432,902,008,176,640,000).

As she failed to grasp the full significance of this, he put it another way.

The population of the earth is estimated at about one billion and a half people. Now, suppose every man, woman and child, whether one of the pignies of darkest Africa or an Esquimaux in the frozen North, were worth as much as the late Cornelius Vanderbilt with his seventy-two million dollars worth of this world's goods.

The combined wealth of this vast assemblage would not be sufficient to buy one-half enough LIFES, at ten cents per copy, to enable them to

vote all the possible combinations of those twenty innocent-looking heads.

Of course, such a fairy-like contingency would prove very pleasant for the already overcrowded coffers of LIFE, but let us see how that enterprising paper would get along with its end of the contract.

We will have to suppose that the managers of LIFE, in the year one B. C., had the foresight to acquire two million, five hundred thousand enormous printing presses, capable of turning out one thousand copies of LIFE a minute.

If from that date down through the ages, they had kept that stupendous mass of machinery constantly pouring forth its flood of wit and humor, LIFE would about have its stock on hand ready to carry out our young friends' scheme, in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and one.

For a few minutes the proposer of this simple little plan was silent, then a very meek voice was heard saying, "As I've only got three dollars and forty cents and the competition closes January 14th, I don't believe I caught LIFE napping after all."

A. C. Sherwood.

Opportunity.

WERE human wisdom wise enough

To warn us, e'er belated,
Life's one best chance would ne'er be lost
Because too long we waited.

Or even if poor human wit
Were keen enough or stronger,
'Twould urge a quest for second best,
Instead of dallying longer.

But wit and wisdom oft delay;
And thus full many a mortal
Ne'er gains the temple of success,
Though standing at its portal.

Isabelle H. Ferry.

Looking Forward.

DAUGHTER: Yes, he proposed to me—and made me just shudder!

MOTHER: Why, he has a fair income, and is quite respectable.

"Ah, but, mamma, how could I entrust my whole future to a man so reckless and improvident as to want to marry!"

The Only Alternative.

"I DO wish you would promise to be an abstainer."

"Couldn't, ma'am. Not built that way. Born in Kentucky, ma'am. Have to be born again, in Ohio or Kansas, or some such place, before I could promise that."



Little Bear: OH, PAPA! HE'S ALIVE, I THINK. HEAR HIM GNASH HIS TEETH.

LIFE'S HALL of FAME



CANDIDATES for admission should send in their applications early to avoid the rush. First come, first served.

Any candidate will be considered, provided he has ever done anything to excite the approbation, sympathy, derision, annoyance, disgust or amusement of the public.

Candidates will be examined to test their fitness for the honor of being admitted to LIFE'S Hall of Fame, on any day in the week that a quorum is present. Examinations strictly private and confidential. They will not be published until after a candidate has been admitted and his immortality has been assured.

We take pleasure in announcing this week the name of Marcus Hanna as being the fourth successful candidate to the Hall of Fame. The following examination took place, showing Mr. Hanna's fitness:

EXHIBIT D. M. A. HANNA. POLITICIAN.

"Your name is?"

"Mark Hanna."

"Occupation?"

"Blending of moneyed interests."

"This keeps you busy, does it, Mr. Hanna?"

"Well, yes. But I am not so busy now as I was before the election. Then I was rushed to death."

"Where is your residence?"

"My temporary residence is in Cleveland, but I reside permanently in the White House."

"How long have you been President?"

"About four or five years."

"Please be exact, Mr. Hanna."

"Well, it will be five years on the fourth of March."

"What is your religion?"

"I believe in William McKinley, because he always does as I tell him; the power and majesty of the

Republican party and the eternal blessedness of all trusts."

"Do you believe in the Constitution?"

"Yes—the revised version."

"What do you think of imperialism?"

"It has come to stay."

"Do you believe in sound money?"

"No. Silent."

"Have you ever done anything you were ashamed of?"

"Yes. I once thought of entering the lower house of Congress."

"What do you consider will be your chief claim to immortality in the future?"

"The fact that I founded a new empire."

"That will do, Mr. Hanna. You're in."

The King's Jester.

EARTH is the great King's kitchen, wide and vast,

Where each of us, a laboring cook, doth try

To bake for him some dainty unsurpassed—

To win his regal favor each doth vie.

For 'tis to him who cooks the daintiest fare

A boon, that he shall leave his humble place

And gladly mount the great King's marble stair,

To swagger in his halls in gold and lace.

CHANCE is a jolly jester, wand'ring through,

Who, bent on mischief, casts his eyes around

To find another scurvy trick or two

That to his far-famed foolship may redound.

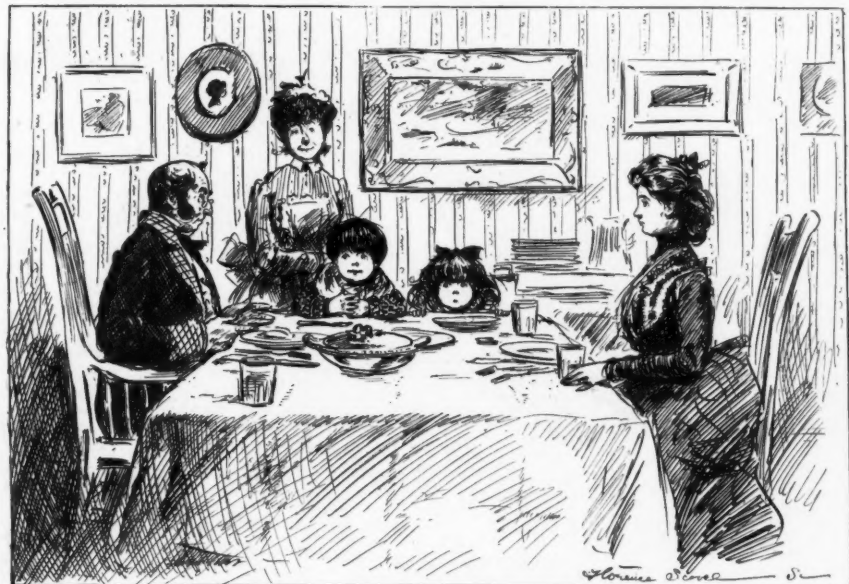
He spies a pasty baking merrily,

And quickly, ere the busy cook can know,

With finger pokes it, swelling airily—

And lo!—our daintiest cake is turned to dough!

Joseph H. Gregory.



Mr. Selfmade: REMEMBER, CHILDREN, WHEN I WAS A BOY I OFTEN WENT TO BED HUNGRY, AND SELDOM HAD A SQUARE MEAL.

Little Tommy (who is tired of hearing about it): WELL, THAT JUST SHOWS HOW MUCH BETTER OFF YOU ARE SINCE YOU'VE KNOWN US.



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A WIDOW AND HER
IV.
SHE GOES TO CO



WIDOW AND HER FRIENDS.

SEE US IN COLORS.



On the Subject of Comic Opera.



SHOULD some powerful Genie take the gentlemen who are engaged in the industry of writing books and scores for comic operas and confine

them in the limits of oblivion for a dozen or so of years, we might at the end of the period once

more have a zest for that form of entertainment. As it is, the comic opera, regularly and too often served up to us, has become a mechanically constructed affair, illumined by no trace of genius or even talent, and with originality a conspicuously absent quality. Not since Offenbach and Halévy and the productive days of Gilbert and Sullivan, have we had, except in one or two instances, a comic opera worthy of the name. If Mr. Victor Herbert could secure a librettist who would dare to get out of the rut of tradition, we might get an enjoyable product, although it would, doubtless, be boycotted by the Libretto-Casters's Union. One of the fundamental rules of that corporation is that none of its members shall ever vary his work an iota from the established pattern kept on file in the Union's archives. There seems no good reason, so far as the public is concerned, why this form of entertainment should not be relegated to obscurity until some one comes along who can lift it from its present condition of mediocrity.

Our English cousins seem to have struck a lead which may amount to something. Their more recent musical sketches—and the most successful ones—have departed from the tradition that there must be one composer and one librettist to such a production. It stands to reason that one man can do certain things required by a comic opera better than another, and it seems equally reasonable, that, in default of the genius who combines all powers in himself, the best result might be secured by combining the work of several men each working in the line wherein he

excels. None of these pieces that have come to us has been on a very ambitious scale, but they demonstrate a tendency which may result in eventually giving us works of real worth.

“ROYAL ROGUE,” in which



Mr. Jefferson De Angelis is appearing at the Broadway Theatre, does not serve to lessen the feeling of discontent over the present condition of comic opera.

Mr. Klein, who is responsible for the book, is evidently a loyal member of the Librettists' Union and dreads to provoke its wrath by any display of marked originality. It is to be said, though, that the piece really has a plot—an unusual thing in up-to-date comic opera—a rather ingenious plot, and that it provides some very amusing situations. The lines, however, are seldom funny, and the laughter the piece creates is coined directly



JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS AS
Baptiste Ballou.

from Mr. De Angelis's personality. The music should be marked, on a scale of 100, somewhere along in the twenties or thirties, as it is seldom tuneful and never striking. The mounting, of the usual comic-opera style, is sufficiently bright and pleasing.

The trade of being a comic-opera comedian is one for whose existence it seems hard to find a reason. As a rule, those who follow it have no singing voices, and it seems strange that a musical setting should be chosen as the medium for the display of their abilities. When the comedian is a subsidiary factor, only introduced as a contrast to some more important artistic feature, the defect is perhaps pardonable, but when—

as in the case of Mr. De Angelis—the comedian is the whole show, there seems no logical reason for his selecting a musical background for his performance. Mr. De Angelis belongs to the acrobatic class, the Francis Wilson school, of stage humorists. He certainly is funny and manages to make his audiences laugh, but we would rather see him in something different from the kind of entertainment that nowadays calls itself comic opera.

When the Sin Chasers—both the Tammany Five and the Cits' Fifteen—have thoroughly purified New York, they might try their hand at conferring another benefit by eliminating the present brand of comic opera from the New York stage.

OUR country relatives in Boston are complaining of the character of entertainments which the theatrical powers that be permit to come to their town. There is also complaint in that minor metropolis concerning the methods of the ticket speculators, who seem to have adopted the styles prevalent in New York. It is the out-of-town man who comes to New York and permits himself to be robbed by ticket speculators who is responsible for their existence, so we cannot extend to the theatre-goers of Boston that sympathy which LIFE is always glad to bestow on the afflicted.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Broadway.—Jefferson De Angelis in “A Royal Rogue.” See above.

Republic.—“In the Palace of the King.” Notice next week.

Wallack's.—The stage version of “Janice Meredith,” with Mary Mannering as the heroine. Quite worth seeing.

Garden.—That accomplished actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, in repertoire.

Lyceum.—“A Royal Family,” with Annie Russell and a competent company. Amusing, satirical comedy.

Daly's.—“Lady Huntworth's Experiment,” a very clever and amusing play, well acted by Mr. Daniel Frohman's stock company.

Savoy.—Henrietta Crosman's excellent impersonation of Nell Gwyn.

Empire.—“Mrs. Dane's Defence.” Notice later.

Garrick.—The immortal and amusing David Harum impersonated by Mr. Crane.

Bijou.—May Irwin, as Madge Smith, Attorney. Funny and adorned by several good songs.

Knickerbocker.—Ada Rehan in “Sweet Nell of Old Drury.” Notice next week.

Weber and Fields's.—Amusing burlesque. Good seats may be bought from speculators at high prices.

Criterion.—The last week of the very clever “Lord Quex.” Not for immature minds, but artistically one of the best things on the New York stage for a long time.

Academy of Music.—Spectacular “Ben Hur,” with an excellent cast.

Herald Square.—“The Girl From Up There.” Notice later.



A JUNGLE CANDY PULL

Ballade of the Strawberry Blonde.

“CARROTS” they called it when we were young,
In deep disdain for the copper hue ;
“Red-head !”—But now that it’s praised and sung,
Erstwhile scoffers know their cue :
“Titian loved it !” and Titian knew
How the yellow and brown and the red respond
To the sun’s rich ray ; and they say ’tis true
Cleopatra, too, was a strawberry blonde !

Catherine of Russia, had hair of flame ;
 Aspasia, Maintenon, Helen of Troy,
 Diana of Poitiers owned the same.
 (None with loud laughter dared *them* annoy !)
 Madame Récamier, France's joy,
 Anne of Austria, fair and fond,
 (To bronze their locks did they art employ ?)
 Cleopatra, too, was a strawberry blonde.

Eyes that were jewels of blue or green,
Or gray or brown, these dames possessed ;
Rose-tinted flesh with a satin sheen.
—In a thousand changing colors dressed,
Long lines of ladies, all russet-tressed,
Appear at the wave of Tradition's wand,
And fairer and stranger than all the rest,
Cleopatra, too, was a strawberry blonde !

ENVOI.

Flavia, Queen, with the auburn locks,
Take this for answer, duly conned,
Thy flaming hair when the rude world mocks :
"Cleopatra, too, was a strawberry blonde !"

May Waring.

Made Him Cross.

"BUT he didn't call you a liar in set terms, did he?" asked the mollifier.

"He might as well have done so. He said I had no more regard for the truth than an historical novelist."

Afforded Her Pleasure.

HE : I am afraid you don't like my dancing.
SHE : On the contrary. I think it is very amusing.

**Life's Correspondent
Abroad.**

(Special Correspondence to LIFE.)

CHOW-CHOW ON THE PIC AL LILLI,
22 Dec., 1900.

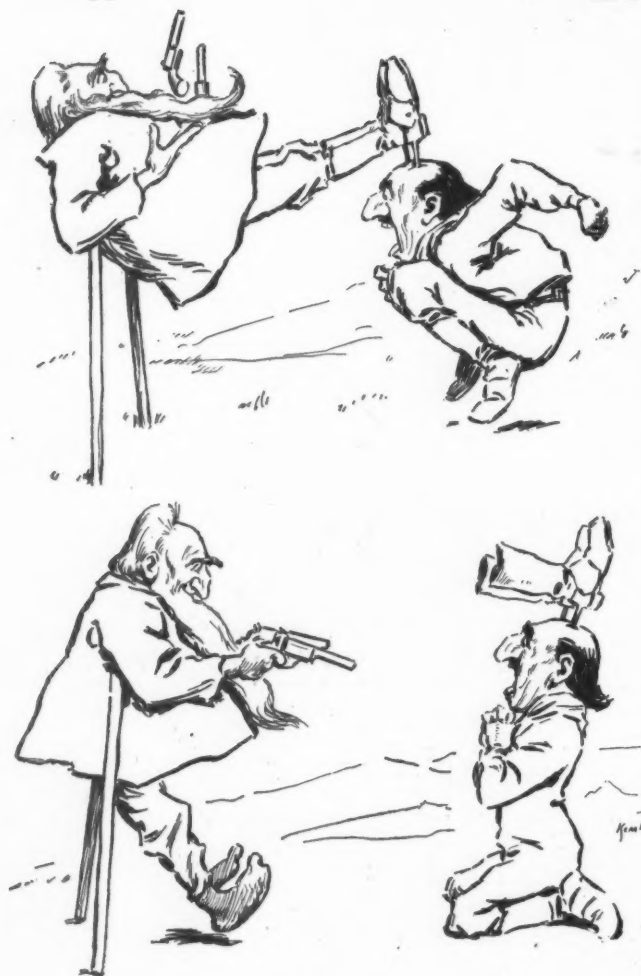
IT again becomes my duty to rebuke the Great Powers, and while I am averse to precipitating a great crisis when I do not get an exclusive on it, I know that my views will be of immense benefit to civilization.

progress, industry, commerce
and the circulation of LIFE.

The Ministers and Generals in Peking felt that it was necessary, if peace was to be preserved and the *statu quo ante* restored, that some man of inflexible integrity and commanding character should be sent to see and counsel the Empress Dowager. In my strenuous and noble career I have made a specialty of preserving peace and restoring

THE WRONG MAN.





statibus quibus ante. Many names were suggested, but Waldersee telephoned the Council; "Send Squeelman." I am devoid of prejudices; no man can have them and attain my position; and I have always maintained that Waldersee has his lucid intervals, and his designation of myself for this important mission confirms my opinion and shows that he can rise to an occasion. He knows that I think fluently in many languages, and that my Chinese is the admiration and despair of every east-side laundry.

Hence my presence here. I arrived with an escort of Tongs—men who had fearlessly faced Tammany cops in Pell Street in the past—and I sent in my card to the Empress, whom I found studying a cook-book of Confucian receipts. I know the volume and it gave me an opening, for my apt comments upon its elevated thought and literary excellence confirmed Her Majesty's high estimate of my character.

Her Majesty is a woman of strong mind, fluent speech, and a passionate distaste for reform within the party. She is a widow, with a widow's love for a second husband, a

man to boss. Therein lies the kernel of the Chinese trouble. In her simple, unaffected way she told me her hopes and disappointments. She wants a husband, a plain, hard-working man, handy around the house, sober, industrious, and a consistent Confucian, or one willing to become a consistent Confucian; but no Chinese need apply. She wanted a foreigner; but the jealousies of the Great Powers, each anxious to furnish a man and prevent some other man, have thwarted the lady for years. It was not a question of concessions, open ports, spheres of influence, or missionaries; it was just a plain widow looking for plain Number Two. That's the whole thing; the Empress told me so. Furnish the husband, and the Boxers dissolve, the armies vanish, and peace will smile in the Orient.

Fortunately I went armed with photographs of America's great public men, and suggested an American husband as a solution of the problem of international jealousies. She wavered for an hour between Depew and Pettigrew, and finally settled down on the stalwart, whiskered Dakotan. If the Administration will restrain its partisan fury, if Senator Pettigrew will start at once for the Flowery Land, the Chinese question is settled, and American dominance in the Orient is fixed. I'll admit the Empress threw out hints to me, but the lady and her tastes are too mature for my impulsive nature, and my life's work lies in other ways.

I have given the world a practical solution of a burning question. Will it grasp it? My conscience is clear; my duty is done.

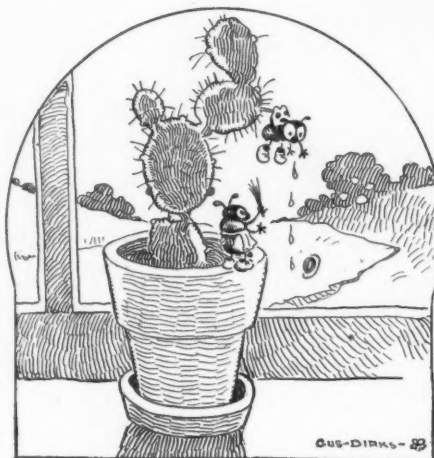
I will leave China next week, when I shall rebuke the Great Powers, as I have promised.

Rudyard Davis Squeelman.

MISS SPORTY: I was completely stunned by his proposal.

MISS FRECKLES: And yet you accepted him.

"What else could I do? He had me counted out before I recovered."



Mamma Bug: MY SON, DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO KEEP DOWN FROM THESE THORN-APPLE TREES?



ANXIOUS.

"I—ER—BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS CLARA, BUT THAT WAS AN AWFULLY STRONG PUNCH YOU MADE FOR ME LAST NIGHT."

"WHY, IT DIDN'T DO YOU ANY HARM, DID IT?"

"WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I HAVE BEEN WORRIED TO DEATH EVER SINCE FOR FEAR I PROPOSED TO YOU."



DEACON HACKETT had just buried his wife who had been a very shrewish and remarkably lean woman. After long haggling with the village stone-cutter he secured a very small slab at a bargain and ordered the inscription, "Sarah Hackett. Lord, she was thine." But the slab was so narrow that the stone-cutter had to omit the last letter, with this result:

SARAH HACKETT
LORD, SHE WAS THIN

— *Saturday Evening Herald.*

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, the author of a recent volume of delightful Samoan stories, most of which are so little fiction as to be merely picturesque adaptations of truth, is better acquainted with the characteristics of Polynesian natives and Americans of the Pacific coast than with those of New Englanders. Nevertheless, he knew in Samoa at least one "daow-easter" who was a thorough-going New England rustic type. He was a Jack of all trades, one of them being that of driver.

On one occasion a ball was given at the German Consulate which Mr. Osbourne and his sister attended, being driven over from Vaillima. It was a formal affair in honor of the officers of a visiting German war-ship, and they went in

their best attire, prepared to discard the unconventionality of island life for all the elegance and correctness of demeanor they could achieve.

When the time came to return, their carriage was driven up to the door and Miss Osbourne promptly took her seat; but her brother, occupied in bidding lively adieus to a group of pretty girls on the veranda, lingered somewhat unduly. The horses were restive and the free-and-equal, not to say free-and-easy, citizen on the box soon became impatient. He did not lose his amiability, but he considered that it was high time the inconsiderate young man was hurried up, and he proceeded to hurry him.

Oblivious of the grins of gorgeous officers and the titlers of gauzy damsels, he signalled violently with his whip; then, failing to receive attention, he sang out in a tone of indulgently derisive banter:

"Wal, Lloyd, I guess ye might's well be startin' along! It's gettin' late, an' them gals'll be tired of ye by this time, sure!"

Mr. Osbourne's exit was scarcely as dignified as he would have liked to have it, but he obeyed the summons.

— *Youth's Companion.*

"I SEE that Mrs. Addledeggs has colored help now."

"Yes. She got so tired of having people ask her if her hired girls were related to the family."

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

STOUC CITY, Iowa, presents a strange Tale of the workings of Fate. It seems at a Sale of Poultry that happened a short while ago, a Man, Ole Larson, one Night took in tow a twenty pound Turkey for Thanksgiving's Feast, and then tried to stuff him so he'd be increased by Thanksgiving Day full Fifteen Pounds more, so the whole Larson tribe—as they ne'er had before—might get enough Turkey and Cranberry sauce to last them a year and yet feel no loss.

One night it was colder than Blazes or—well,—any other Hot Place of which you have heard, tell; and Old Mrs. Larson piled up the New Stove with Anthracite Coal and took care to remove all Chances for Draught, by closing the Doors and Windows and Chinks.

Then after the Snores of the Sleepers within proclaimed them to Bed, the Turkey, then up on the Roof overhead, climbed up on the chimney and sat there, the glow and warmth of the Fire so cheery below, enticing him there to remain through the night. And sitting in Comfort, he closed up quite tight the only Escape there was for the Gas from that Anthracite Coal. Alack, and Alas!

Next Morning the Neighbors who broke in the House found no Creature stirring. "not even a Mouse." And as soon as they entered and looked in each Bed they found the Poor Occupants all were quite Dead with Asphyxiation. The Coroner sat and found they were killed by a Turkey too Fat.

Moral: There's many a Slip, as you know, 'twixt eating a Cake and just kneading the Dough. — *Chaparral.*

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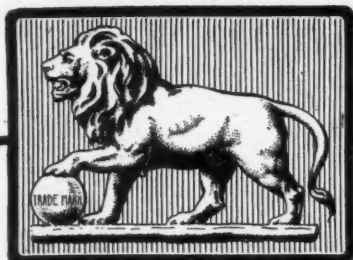
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By ESTHER SINGLETON
Critical Descriptions of Plates by
RUSSELL STURGIS



(Plate reduced in size.)

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BEFORE Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe, and made a united Germany, a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom-house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober, *controleur* at the custom-house, came forward, and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonchalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the key of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here, hands off," shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry, and don't care for losing a day. You're no country. You're only a spot. I'll go round you." And he did.—*London King.*

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"No," said Mr. Cumrox, gently, "I haven't the slightest objection to your asking my daughter to marry you."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the young man with a title but no cash.

"You go ahead and ask her," he proceeded, thoughtfully. "I won't interfere. I have given her a good education and taught her to read the newspapers, and if she doesn't know enough to say 'No,' why, she doesn't deserve any better luck."—*Washington Star.*

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THE other day a newly-appointed warden was taken by the prison chaplain into the chapel, where the prisoners were assembled in a body. The chaplain presented him to the company with the remark that he would say a few words. The warden was a bashful man, and unaccustomed to speech-making. He stammered, stuttered, blushed, and faltered:

"Ladies and—er—no—no—gentle—that is, men and fellow-prisoners—er—I can't make a speech; I—don't know how to make a speech. In fact, all—er—all I can say is—er—that I'm very glad indeed to see so many of you here!"—*Argonaut.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

THEY were looking at the man who was occupying two seats while women were forced to stand.

"I should judge," said one, "that he would bring about \$11.68."

"On what do you base your estimate?" asked the other.

"On present price of pork and sausage."

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE has stood the test for forty years; a trial case will explain the reason.

"If any people call, Norah, be sure to tell them I am out. What are you waiting for? It doesn't disturb your conscience, does it?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I'm hardened to it. I've worked for society liars before, ma'am."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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MR. SOPHIE: Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?

WILLIE: Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last year, an' he gev her back before Easter. I bet you'll do the same.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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"When Time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."
—Thomas Moore.

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I sent for the doctor, because I was sick,
Had headache and no appetite,
And pains in my stomach, whatever I ate;
No matter if only one bite.

He looked at me gravely and shook his wise head
And said, "If you'll follow my rules,
You'll go to the druggist as fast as you can,
For a box of Ripans Tabules."

I did as he told me, and praises I sing
To R.I.P.A.N.S! I'll publish their fame!
For after one box I was not my old self—
A new man, as it were. I became!



TOM BROWNE

A PROBLEM.

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MY LAD."

"YES, BUT SUPPOSING HE WANTS TO DIG A WELL, WHAT THEN?"—Moonshine.

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"BUT YOU WOULD NOT ALLOW ME TO DO SO."
"OH! BUT I DON'T ALLOW JACK." — Moonshine.



"And the World, it went
well with him then."
—he'd had

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and really want VELVET, try it.

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Pretty boxes and odors
are used to sell such
soaps, as no one would
touch if he saw them un-
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soap that depends on
something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap
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not, as you wish; and the
money is in the merchan-
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All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists; all sorts of people are
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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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